

just breath enough to keep his life in, and scarce strength enough to draw it.

*Quarll* being come to the place where his beloved *Beaufidelle* lay in a most bloody condition, could not forbear shedding tears to see him thus miserably dying; but finding still breath in him, it gave him hopes of his recovery; and taking him up in his arms, with all the care he could, he hastens home, and gives him a little of the liquor he had made, which by that time had got both body and spirit; then having laid him upon his bed, and covered him with his winter wrapper, he makes a fire, and warms some of the said liquor, and fresh butter, with which he washes his sores, so lays him down again, giving him all the careful attendance he could during his illness, which held out but one week, at the end of which he died, to his unspeakable grief, who from that time grew so melancholy, that he had not courage to go on with his memorial for some time.

There happened nothing after for the space of four years, but great thunder and lightning in the summer, and abundance of hail and snow in the winter, with now and then storms, which left several sorts of fish in the clefts and holes of the rocks, and sometimes fragments of staved ships, and battered casks,

or a broken chest, and like prodigious wrecks, not worth recording; by which for want of employment, he has spent his idle hours in the day-time, his late beloved animal's diverting made slip away with pleasure, and of which they now creep slowly clogged with dull and heavy thoughts, made those walks irksome, he at took for ease; that by the diversions abroad, his mind might be relieved from his anxious solitude.

One day as he was walking, the extraordinary hot, he goes to shelter in one of his natural groves, a young of the grey kind dropped off the tree for dead, but being only strangled by his windpipe by squeezing it the way, and by careful nursing soon it; but as the rest is related by *Mr. Dorrington* in the former part of it will be superfluous to say any thing on that subject here.

This accident made *Quarll* in future resume his former cheerfulne thing more happening between this; he was found on the island by *Mr. Dorrington*, was the conclusion of his memorial.

THE END.